

"Big Texas" McCready

Seasoned Female Human



Derived

Pace	Parry	Toughness
6	6	13 (2)

Size: 1 (Normal)

Armor

(Unarmored)	0
Toughness: 11	
Armored vest/corset (light)	5
Toughness: 13 (2)	

Gear

Bonnet	0
Boots	4
6x Cigar	0
Mule	0
Bedroll	10
Canteen	5
Iron Skillet	5
Mess kit	3
Rope (10")	8
Saddle	30
Saddlebags	5
20x Shotgun shells	2
Shotgun thong	0
Silk Stockings	0
Trousers/skirt	2
Wealth: \$4.95	0

Damage

-1	-2	INC	-3	-2	-1
Fatigue			Wounds		

Hindrances

Mean (minor)
-1 to Persuasion rolls / SWADE p25

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Quirk (minor,)
The individual has some minor but persistent foible that often annoys others. / SWADE p26

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Ugly (major)
The character is physically unattractive and subtracts 2 from Persuasion rolls / SWADE p28

Attributes

Agility:	4	6	8	10	12
Smarts:	4	6	8	10	12
Spirit:	4	6	8	10	12
Strength:	4	6	8	10	12
Vigor:	4	6	8	10	12

Skills

(Unskilled):	4	6	8	10	12	-2
Athletics:	4	6	8	10	12	
Common Knowledge:	4	6	8	10	12	
Fighting:	4	6	8	10	12	
Intimidation:	4	6	8	10	12	
Language (Native):	4	6	8	10	12	
Notice:	4	6	8	10	12	
Persuasion:	4	6	8	10	12	-3
Riding:	4	6	8	10	12	
Stealth:	4	6	8	10	12	
Survival:	4	6	8	10	12	

Edges

Brawler
Toughness +1, add d4 to unarmed damage or increase it a step if combined with Martial Artist, Claws, etc. / SWADE p40

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Brawny
Size (and therefore Toughness) +1. Treat Minimum Strength requirements as one die type less; treat Strength as one die type higher for Encumbrance. / SWADE p38

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Bruiser
Increase unarmed Strength damage a die type and Toughness another +1. / SWADE p40

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Improved Nerves of Steel
Ignore up to two levels of Wound penalties. / SWADE p43

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Nerves of Steel
Ignore one level of Wound penalties. / SWADE p43

Weapons and Attacks

Name	Damage	Range	AP	ROF	Shots	Weight	Notes
Unarmed	Str+d6	Melee	0	-	-	0	Innate Attack
2x Brass Knuckles	Str+d4	Melee	0	-	-	1	Doesn't count as a weapon for Unarmed Defender
Scattergun	1-3d6	6/12/24	0	-	-	5	+2 Shooting. 3d6 damage Short Range, 2d6 Medium, 1d6 Long, no Extreme Range.



Special Abilities

Languages Known
Native (native, d8)

Advances

Novice

- 1 Edge: Brawny
- 2 Raise Attribute: Strength
- 3 Edge: Nerves of Steel

Seasoned

- 4 Edge: Improved Nerves of Steel
- 5 Raise Attribute: Vigor
- 6 Edge: Bruiser

Description

Big Texas "Bear" McCready is a towering, obese force of nature in the Weird West—a broad-shouldered, barrel-gutted brawler who stands wide as a barn door and hits like a locomotive. Her weathered face, framed by wild dark hair spilling from under a green bonnet, carries a perpetual scowl and a glint of mean amusement in her steel-gray eyes. She wears a threadbare tan duster over a simple cream blouse and a long, practical skirt cinched with a heavy leather belt and silver buckle. Sturdy brown boots ground her massive frame, and a simple heart-shaped pendant hangs at her throat. Slow to move but impossible to stop, she wades into fights with bare, calloused fists, shrugging off bullets and claws while grinning through bloodied teeth. Big Texas doesn't fight to win—she fights until everything else quits.

Background

Big Texas "Bear" McCready was born Etta Mae McCready on a hardscrabble cattle spread outside Amarillo in 1862, the only child of a widowed rancher who raised her more like a hired hand than a daughter. By age twelve she could wrestle a yearling steer to the ground and outlift any drover on the payroll. Folks said she took after her pa's side—broad-shouldered, barrel-chested, and stubborn as mesquite root.

When the Reckoning hit and the dead started walkin', her father was among the first to fall to a pack of walkin' corpses on the Chisholm Trail. Etta buried him under a lone cottonwood, then set out west with nothing but his old duster, a heart full of rage, and fists that never learned to stay still. She drifted through border towns, earning coin in bare-knuckle pits where men twice her size bet against the "big gal from Texas" and lost every time.

They called her Big Texas because she never backed down, never quit, and never let a lickin' keep her from landin' the next blow. Saloons emptied when she walked in; abominations learned to fear the sound of her boots on boardwalk planks. She carries no gun most days—prefers the honest crunch of knuckle on bone—but the Weird West has a way of testin' even the toughest. Through blood, dust, and ghost-rock smoke, Big Texas keeps comin', a one-woman stampede with a mean right hook and a grin that says the fight ain't over till she says it is.